same post I get a letter from Lowes Dickinson--the man who liked the Prison so much; "Your book is a poem and I think a great poem (and then he goes on about how its the summing up of all my books.) And then he says "For there is throbbing under it the mystery which all the poets and philosophers have felt" and and by this I understand he finds precisely what you dont: I mean a morality, a principle. Well, but then the next letter I open, from a very fine critic, says all sorts of nice things but...oh oh oh how he hates Percival and all I write about death--more than anything in any of my books--and then here's another, from a writer I also much respect who says When I am wretched I shall always turn to Bernards soliloquy for comfort and encouragement, and theres another whosays the very opposite. How its damnably depressing, those last words. And here I sit buffeted form one to the the other; and cant think how to make them all fit--what the thing is itself, ~~The Facts~~ finally and absolutely. But enough. and indeed seeing the rubbish I write, too much. And in fact I feel that I am a thousand miles removed. Rodmell unspeakably lovely; but my fury about the building on the downs makes me wake at night in an agony. Think--a house one sees miles off braking that sweep for ever and ever. V. Ive lots of letters from Hugh, but always signed Hugh only. I enlose one in case it will do.

Rota 2-4-63

NYPL

"At least what is perpetual & universal" these are the words — from the thing itself

52 T.S. Nov 1. 1931

Sunday

Just the usual hasty typed line to say:
I had a letter from G. Lowes Dickinson about quoting him on the Prison. He had some qualifications to make. Now I've lost his letter. I think thus it might be as well if you wrote him a line, enclosing your statement --not that he'll object, I'm sure; but this would make it all safe. His address is, G. Lowes Dickinson

Kings Colllege Cambridge.

As I said on the telephone, I shall be in on Wednesday 4. 30; but Ethel Sands, a Chelsea hostess, exquisite and amiable and elderly, has asked to come then; also Lord David Cecil, young and mild; both would be enchanted to see you; but I cant guarantee that theyll go early-- Lrd. D. is rather a stayer. And Thursday a girl is coming to talk about her novel--Ive promised to give her a solitary talk-- shes gifted, wrote Dusty Answer; and is in some dsespair about her work. Monday I'm out to tea --no, I'm not, but Nessa comes first and then Vita and possibly an unknown youth who wants to write poetry-- No; Ive been rather knocked up--(excuse this hasty mention of a forbidden subject) and put off our party on Friday so I didnt ask Elizabeth but will when I can. Time as you see is not my strong point at the moment. But this will blow over --its always the after-blast of a book out.— people remeber one and come and come and come.

NYPL

I'm amused at your trap--catch me looking up qotations so innocently again. Also amused at your insimuation that thats what youre after, and I'm not--losing the egotistic self I mean. That never struck me certainly as your prevailing charavteristic--a complete lack of interezst in oyour own doings. And I shouldnt like you if you were entirely altruistic and swept on the current of others lives--what rot it all is, to be sure, this perverted pagan Christianity that you try to palm off on me! Its no use trying to have it both ways; thats your downfall; egotism again; you want to be in Heaven and on earth, one foot in either. and so ~~fax safe~~ fare of salvation. I cant now rmember what I said, I suppose in a fury of haste, about the Waves; I cant have said that I had any opinion about it. Thats what entirely ~~is~~ washed out of one by the vociferations of readers, reviwers and freinds. I have ceased indeed to be lieve that tgthere is such a book--merely that somehow I have stirred up a dust dance which makes my freinds bonnet ribbons and shiskers fly this way and that east north south and west, and prevents me from getting on with what I'm doing now. But the dust dance soon dies down. Oh and I'm taking a new house, and shall have all the glory of a move in January; oh the type, the tables the books-- pity me, though you despise.

Rota 2. 4. 63

NYPL

52 T S. Sunday. 8 Nov 1931

Very well. I'll come on Wednesday to the seat wherever it is. And then on to the supper, if I may so early, for I mean he won't get up after 12 waiting me. Lord no — he won't come to supper for any body: & I ask, what can be the miraculous

Dy q eating [illegible] Guard & [illegible] Champagne
after hearing one's most solemn incri
minated under the beautiful but oh so
stupid eyes q Lady Diana: a Duffs
Gentlemanly one. "I ask what age
are you? Answer 3." (not 73, at all)
Sick I'm no doubt we shall all enjoy it
enormously. with yr thank M. Barring for me - I
Dont remember his address - rusty away in Chelsea - O
Lord - & if I fail through sheer drudgery, dont blame
(not opening own letters) me - V.

NYPL
Rote 2.4.63

Nov 16 1931
[after Prison]

As far as I know at the moment I shall be in on Wednes
day; but dont for gods sake make any engagement on that
footing because anybody may insist upon coming then--
I cant manage to keep my days apart at the moment--
and how could we talk so about the Prison in the
presence of some American duchess--such as make my life
a burden to me? My head is stupid with letter writtg
and therefore no more at the moment, but hope to write
later. I'm much better, but you inspire me with
such healthy dread of being caught malingering (is that
the word? military I think, so youll know) that I
skate off the subject as soon as I can. A very good
thing. I hate that sort of talk myself. And all talk
at the moment. Ten to talk tother night--whats the use
of talk, I go on saying, and go on talking. A lovely
and solitary--that is with L--walk today over Hamp
spead Heath; trres like chandeliers in holland bags
with mist; dogs copulating. L. is buying a mixture called

Keepaway to be smeared on the hinder parts of Pinka
ne it week-- thats what I'm trying for the American
aristocracy. Think what a cost it is to telegraoh
Princesse di Massiano, Mdame de Clermont Tonnerre &c
instead of plain Smyth.

So enough. V

NYPL

I will let you know for
certain late about
Wednesday

RARE 2-4-63

Quite recovered, so no need to mention health.

Nov 17. 1931 Tuesday

By some miracle, all the Duchess have
retired to Rome, so I shall be alone
tomorrow, if you like to come up instead
of sitting in the basement, —
shall expect you at 4.30.

V

Please hand the enclosed with my love to the
very Honourable who sang on the 10th left
hand corner the other night.

Monks House,

Saturday, Nov 21st 1931

It came over me, directly I had delivered that appalling bunch of cuttings to the care of Miss Wallon that I had forgotten the H.B. letters. I daresay this was a nudge from the sub-conscious, which is said to nudge — I mean, I don't want to serve them up till I've read them. Can you stave me till New Years Day? I'm promising regularly — I'm always talking to Virginia the 6 years old & saying "If you'll be good & do — do & so," & then you shall have do & so — & I've promised her a whole 4th night here at Xmas, without a sigh. Mrs. Stead or Duchess to pacify, or anything but sitting over a log fire & reading what the like. So do wait to drop dead as a stroke is the fact till Jan. 2nd or 3rd — when I'll give them to your Executors, & buy a laurel wreath, & go to Woking in time for the Disposal of the Corpse. (The woeful is Chanting Western European folk songs as I work — like a jade in the Hebrides — Highland

Rota 2.4.63

soup. the man says - sung by women while they shrink
cloth. Lord how I'd like to write that kind of thing myself —)
~~not I'd~~ but I wouldn't wail so - why do 'folk' wail, always?
never a tune, always up & down, like a cats tail
sliding over the kitchen floor - do you like folk songs?
I'm thinking there's the rain yeh modern music —
just as Lyric & Gaels ruined themselves with Keening
Celtic dirges. And then to set your dish in the oven: &
then for a wholly blessed Evening over the fire. By the
way, I've asked Ellen to dine on Monday, & hope she can —
very good fun my ~~poetical~~ political nephew, who's
never met anyone but earnest lads in tweeds at
Cambridge - to meet that stargazer. NYPL (& Nord there's singing
the Earl of Moray: but still Keening, though it's a
question of love, ballen, daggs, & the snow, & Woody, as far as
I can make out) Are they I want to come down to
working. Virgin thatch: lunch with Dame E: walk
with her on just such a lovely brunch-egg melt-soft
day as this to Trigg Lock (my word how silken a
sensuous like a race horse skin the sea at Brighton was
this evening, with a dozen ripples, such as one draws
across a silk sheet, & two black flashing boats,
almost drawing tears from my eyes. Save from
strong smell of stinking fish which reserved
any sanity) — I say, we will go to
Trigg Lock on such an afternoon: home to tea: &

to catch the Dinner train home. Really that would
Suit Nellie with my mood than any hour over
the fire. I want air, movement, & to see
things changing — now a horse, now a tree,
perhaps an old man in a comforter talking an
evening — not any longer to survey the inside
of my own head, Even when Kindled into
fiery Electric bulbs by Ethel. (Now there's
singing Salvete ballads — rather better: more like a
frothing horse, & less like a cats tail).

But it's a quarter to 7. at which hour I
light my oven, & put on my chicken brew:
& a divine blood red soup, made of
beetroot, onions, carrots & I think a
dash of some spirit: after which we find
with two gigantic Bath buns, made by
the widow ayr man who was called
Booth. I dying he left her nothing but the
receipt for buns, on which she, made a
fortune; & serves one hendry, aged 102,
with ~~rought~~ roughs to her shoulder,
like hollow barley sugar. Saw it
Helen Fair — O what lovely word — & now : Sir
Regent Compare